

MR. PHILLIPS IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

Our Future.

Mr. Wendell Phillips gave a lecture last evening in Our future in Henry Ward Beecher's Church. It was crowded in every part half an hour before the commencement, and several hundred people were valuing endeavoring to get a footing within the walls. After music by the choir,

Mr. Phillips was introduced by Mr. Tilton who said that he was commissioned by the Pastor of the Church, for the third time, to extend to their guests the hospitality and the fullest freedom of that platform.

Mr. Phillips said:

LAUDERS AND GENTLEMEN: This is indeed the third time that I have had the pleasure of standing on this platform and this is the first time I can say to my great delight that in coming here this evening, I am examining pupils with Mr. Beecher; for he speaks so well in Boston from the Massy Hall platform, where I am sometimes found, to a larger crowd, if possible, than you give me to-night. You will reflect that the first time I had the pleasure of standing here, it was when a New-York mob had driven us from the Tabernacle, and when there was neither law nor order enough in the city to permit an Anti-Slavery voice to be heard; and it was then that your pastor and committee pledged themselves to the country that if New-York was overawed by the mob, Brooklyn had yet free speech, and here it should be vindicated. [Cheers.] The recent time that I stood here was three years ago, when I spoke to you in relation to John Brown, then in a Virginia jail. Three years have rolled away. How full of events! How great the results of that man's daring, of the idea which he pressed upon the conscience of the country. Do you know with what poetic justice Providence treats that very town where he lay in jail when I spoke to you before? The very man who went down from Philadelphia to bring his body back to his sad relatives—insulted every mile of the road, his life threatened, the bullet whistling round his head—but very man for eight or ten months has been, as Brigadier-General, in command of the town of Charlestown and Harper's Ferry. [Applause.] By order of his superior officers, he had the satisfaction of finding it his duty with his own right hand to put the torch to that very hotel in which he had been followed with insult and contumely as the friend of John Brown; and when his brigade, under orders, destroyed all the buildings of the neighborhood, with reverential care he bade the soldiers stop and spare that engine-house that once sheltered the old hero. [Applause.] I do not know in history a more perfect诗篇 than that single local instance history gives us in three short years. Hector Hinsdale—the friend of the friends of John Brown—who went there almost with his life in his right hand, commands—and his will is law. His sword is the guarantee of peace and of property. By his order the entire town is a desert, with the single exception of that wall which John Brown's presence made impregnable. Now the whole history of the country is in that single incident. Wrapped up in its significance is the whole struggle which we come here to-day to talk about. I am to speak to you of the future. It is fair to say, whatever one of you knows, that no man can prognosticate our future. Great events, vast interests, the elements of civil society, are crashing and jostling against each other in the kaleidoscope of the future, and no man can sketch a certain picture. We are in a position with more or less knowledge about the probable working out of the problem. We can only guess, for the moment, what seems to be the duty of leader and citizen in bringing the country quietest and safest out of the struggle. I have no doubt for one what the ultimate issue is to be. I think if there are ideas fundamental, perfectly indestructible, past and paraded of the American mind, they are these two: Free speech on every subject, unfettered liberty of thought and utterance everywhere, upon every topic, is the fundamental ideal of American civilization; and next to that, almost as fundamental, is the other element of our national character—the certainty that the continent belongs to us. [Applause.] Our civilization is the working out of the most unfeigned individuality consistent with comfort, and the space given us by Providence to work out the problem in the continent of North America. Those two ideas are part and parcel of Americans; and I believe they make as much the real core of the heart of the white man of Louisiana as they do of Massachusetts, whether he is conscious of it or not. Now with such a national character but one future is possible, and that is, a future of freedom and a world's empire. No other is worth a quiet haven, we are.

Everything that is made of that is a very honest man. But I will tell you what I think we are made of. He has stood for thirty years in Springfield, the center of Illinois; to him has gone the northern half of the State, free, educated, intelligent, Republican; to the southern half of him, Egypt, ignorant, Pro-Slavery, worse than a dogface—that would be an improvement—Southernville, dark. He has been balancing all his life to the result. Some speak of the Proclamation of the President; others fear submission to the Slave Power. The Republic's ideal is Union upon an Anti-Slavery basis. The Democratic ideal is Union upon no basis whatever; an aristocracy, the Southern States in convention with carte blanche to come in, no matter what terms they affix. My belief is that all of them are only another name for war; war more or less disguised; war more or less protracted, but war in a true sense. This country has never found anything but war since 1776. It was the war of ideas. It was the war of the ballot-box. It was the war of parties. It was the war of puppets. But it was all the same, a war. The Southerner hated the Northerner, because he knew that his institutions were unsafe so long as the Yankee had led questions. [Laughter.] He knows to-day, Jefferson Davis knows to-day, that there is but one corner-stone for a Southern Confederacy, based on Slavery; and that is silence in New-England. And he knows that that result can never come. He may leave New-England out in the cold; but in the cold she still talks. [Applause.] And, as long as she exists, thinking, his system rests on its apex, not on its base. It totters—it cannot live. It is no war of sections, and he knows it. New-England to-day, left to herself, certain that that banner never would be taken down, guaranteed against a Confederate reaction—New-England to-day is the ally of New-York, knows her interests, and sees it. It is no war of sections; it is war of ideas, ending when one idea strangles the other, and not before. Now so much may be said of our future. Peace comes when that which plants itself on God a only have holds the helm; and if that is freedom, peace comes when freedom holds the helm, and not till then. Now, I would accept anything on an Anti-Slavery basis. I would accept separation; I would accept compromise; I would accept Union; I would accept peace, and pay the whole Confederate debt at par, on an Anti-Slavery basis. Because on that basis I have touched the hard-pow of national existence; I have reached the granite stratum, and may begin to build again in peace. And until I reach that, no chicanery of party, nounning of politicians, no ingenuity of compromise, no device of separation can make my difference. We are in for the war. The South knows it, and if the North don't know it now, she will learn it in the course of a year or two. [Suspense.] We talk of events—what do they mean? They mean that the irresistible nature of our own institutions, which are stronger than any individual or any generation—that undercurrent which is bearing us on, and has borne us on for the last seventy years. It is an undercurrent to which we contribute, but which we have never controlled—a part of the great progress of the world itself, inherent in free speech and free thought. Not a mere word, not a catchword—it is free speech a reality, with an essence which no man or body of men, no Wall-street bank, no Union parchment, no weight of association and Union pride, no martial arms can control. Do you remember the boyish legend of the young man that went out to seek his fortune, and some favored fairy gave him a mill, by which when he entered into trade he could procure any amount of any product he needed? He was only too wind it up, pronounced the charm,

"Grid, grid, grid, I say!"

"Grid, grid, grid away!"

and instantly, whether he asked salt or sweet, eaten or silk, everything he desired, he had them. So he fixes up a large warehouse, places it in his private room, and commences business in the far-off East or South, where such events occur. But a neighbor watched the process and stole the mill. You reflect that is the way the legend explains the saltness of the sea. He got it on board his sloop, the tide weighed anchor, to carry to some other land the gift of the gods. Needing salt one day, he set the mill on his quarter deck and repeated the charm. It ground out salt, and ground and ground, ground the salt with salt, and salting the sea, and is grinding to-day. Now free speech is that mill. [Applause.] It began to grind when the Puritan

landed on the rock of Plymouth. It ground out Massachusetts [applause]; it ground out the Revolution; it ground out the Declaration of Independence; it ground out the Constitution; it ground out the Missouri agitation, that nearly broke the Union in halves; it ground out Kansas; it ground out Santee; it ground out Fremont's proclamation on the plains of Missouri [great applause]; it ground out Abraham Lincoln's proclamation on the 1st day of January, [vivacious applause.] He means to stop the salt in the bucket, but he cannot stop it. It is grinding to-day—it will grind forever; and Davis knows, and the whole South knows, that it will grind out a Union-making bondage and an aristocracy—such in the nature of things. Now, it is between those inherent and unconquerable elements that the war is a moment. When he said to a party of slaveholders in the St. Charles Hotel: "Gentlemen, you think there is a party in the North building you a bridge to go back to Washington upon. They cannot do it. It is possible for a man to do it. But he has a country where, as I heard, 'twelve-pounders sink in the mud so deep that nothing but the cannon itself and the upper rim of the wheel is visible. He has 60,000 bayonets, and no more." The rest is made up of paymaster, quartermaster, commissary, and cavalry, 66,000 bayonets and 400 regiments; 7,000 superfluous officers breeding discontent; 10,000. [Applause.]

—everybody on an anti-slavery basis. I include in my word Democratic. Now, there is no Democratic reaction. What does it mean? It means that on the 4th of March, when this present Republican Congress ceases to exist, by the expectation of the slaves, and, if previous to January, by actual announcement of such a decision by the Executive, they can throw the J-dinary across the path of the Executive, and say to the people, "Neither the Emancipation act of Congress, nor the Proclamation of the President, is tenable on Constitutional grounds," they can disarm the whole military movement of the North, put back the preparations and purposes of the Republican party, prepare the way for an armistice, then for a Convention, then for the admission of rebellious States in that Convention, then a reconstruction on the Slavery basis of '61. Now, any man who knows the purposes of this reactionary party cannot doubt that what I have sketched in these few sentences is far within, not beyond, the programme they cherish in their hearts. Whether they be actual outbreak, whether there be marshaling of States against the General Government, against the participation of the East, as is supposed, in the councils of the nation, or not, as much as I have intimated is undoubtedly the programme of the party. Consider the reaction not in its own strength—not because in the hearts of the people there is any place for such a plantation whose master feared the insurrection of the slaves on the 2d day of January. He sent out one of your own regiments to stand over the slaves holding out their hands for the proclamation, and you guarded them into silence. Now, sixty or ninety days are to elapse before this faltering, stupid general is to be replaced by Butler. Golden dry, mucky precious days, during which Republicanism deserts the capital. And they are to be wasted—a very disastrous mistake. But he goes back, and as the Administration assures all comers, he goes back to put in the places of the 300,000 white soldiers which are to go out before the first of May 300,000 black men from south of Mason and Dixon's line. [Applause.] He carries with him 100,000 muskets, and Gen. Hunter carries 50,000, and they are meant for black right hands. [Applause.] Now I consider that a great encouragement. It will take a long time, a long time for the slaves to be convinced of our sincerity and to understand us. He remembers when the twenty men fought their way 40 miles from a plantation to New-Orleans and were shot down in their streets. He remembers at Vicksburg 3,000 who had dug the canal for us, begged Gen. Williams to save them from the fate that awaited for having helped us and how he sailed away. ("Simme, simme!") It will take some months. Great boats, like 2,000,000 of slaves, move slowly. But the best thing that can be done is that Butler, whose name is the proclamation, should be sent back to that Department. And we claim of the President also that in North Carolina, where Gen. Stanly blocks the course of Government, where every free spirit in the State complains of him, sends up the complaint to Washington and it is not heard. When we carried up the complaint of Massachusetts against him the President said: "I have not heard a complaint of him for four months, and I had the presumption to say to some tory Senators and Representatives: 'Do you suppose we pay you \$8,000 a year to sit here in Washington and tell the President the truth?' The President said to a friend of mine: 'Why, Gov. Stanly assured me himself that he could stand the Proclamation.' [Laughter] and the reply of my friend was: 'Stand it; we don't want a man that can stand it. We want a man that can stand for it.' (Applause.) Well, then, who is there to put in his place? Why we have one in that city, pointing to New-York! The administration in boats, a man whose name is painted in every hotel from the Rappahannock to the Rio Grande, and has been so ever since 1861 whose footstep at Newbern would make a trial that would be felt to New-Orleans, and his trial is Fremont. [Tremendous applause, followed by three cheers.] Now this is the merit as I think of John Charles Fremont at the present hour. I don't care whether he is a general or not, but with the scanty record of generals, I think he has done as well as any we have; certainly we have nothing to boast of in that way in the way of achievement. Why, we are so hungry in Boston that we even take up and make a hero of a general who never did anything. [Laughter.] I entered Springfield the other day with Mr. McLean, in the same car, and a timid friend of mine who was getting out of the car, and heard twenty or forty guns fired for him said: "I hope they won't hurt anybody," and said I: "McClellan has never hurt anybody." [Continued laughter.] But Fremont's significance is not his military skill. Just now there is a more important problem. I tried to sketch to you the disengagements of their neighbors in the election sky before us. What is the bright section? The bright section is in the policy, such as it is, of the Administration. I came from Washington recently, and I cannot say hardly whether I am encouraged or discouraged. Some men say we have not arms enough. I do not think the fault is there. I think we have men enough if we had leaders. It is not the host that needs enlarging—it is not the basis that needs strengthening. It is the head that needs replacing. It is the purpose that needs invigorating. As Lowell says in his last poem:

"Not man but man, 'tis there we fail,
Weak pane grow weaker by lengthen'd strain.
What is in 'midst to the tail
Who is the head that needs the strength?"

We needed one who told us of stocks,
From which we set in thousand tem'ls
In him and us each went rockin'."

That is the exact secret. What seems to be the cause of this is that of that is a future of freedom and a world's empire. No other is worth a quiet haven, we are.

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proper doom. [Cheering.] In the same spirit he said to the natives of New Orleans, every one of you deserve the gallows; anything short of it is the pre-eminent grace of the Government. [Applause.] Now, this is not severity, this is not barbarism, this is not cruelty, this is law. If the Government exists, this is common sense. Either we are the Government and they are traitors, or they are another nation, and the war must be fought to a standstill. [Applause.] He means to stop the salt in the bucket, but he cannot stop it. It is grinding to-day—it will grind forever; and Davis knows, and the whole South knows, that it will grind out a Union-making bondage and an aristocracy—such in the nature of things. Now, it is between those inherent and unconquerable elements that the war is a moment. When he said to a party of slaveholders in the St. Charles Hotel: "Gentlemen, you think there is a party in the North building you a bridge to go back to Washington upon. They cannot do it. It is possible for a man to do it. But he has a country where, as I heard, 'twelve-pounders sink in the mud so deep that nothing but the cannon itself and the upper rim of the wheel is visible. He has 60,000 bayonets, and no more." The rest is made up of paymaster, quartermaster, commissary, and cavalry, 66,000 bayonets and 400 regiments; 7,000. [Applause.]

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